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LITERATURE.

STUDY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.*

"REFLECT," says Coleridge, in a passage quoted by Professor Reed in the preface to his admirable edition of Graham's English Synonymes, "on your own thoughts, actions, circumstances, and—which will be of especial aid to you in forming a habit of reflection,—accustom yourself to reflect on the words you use, hear or read, their birth, derivation, and history. For if words are not things, they are living forms, by which the things of most importance to mankind are actuated, combined, and humanized." To which we may add as an illustration rather than as an addition to the sense, the profound remark, "Insincere speech, truly, is the prime material of insincere action. Action, as it were, hangs dissolved in speech—in thought, whereof speech is the shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom."† This expresses the moral value of a study, which it is one of the best signs of modern culture that it seems so resolutely disposed to take out of the hands of the mere dictionary-maker and grammarian and assign to the philosopher. We have had of late several indications of this process of popularizing the knowledge of language; of bringing the recondite appliances hitherto mostly confined to the ancient classics to the everyday use of our own tongue. As the practical and interesting pursuit of Ethnology gets to be more developed we may expect this taste to increase; for one of the main props of this new and fashionable science is the skill in detecting the moral affinities of races, and hence the unity of all of them, from the subtle associations and derivations of language. Thus amongst the diversities of speech we see no longer, by the light and incentives of our present civilization, so much the seeds of separation as the proofs of identity.

For this acute study of words we are largely indebted to two of the best talkers of all English literature, Dr. Johnson and Coleridge. The surprise and strength of Johnson's conversation in Boswell are frequently built up on his old practices as a lexicographer. Coleridge parted sentences and ideas asunder to exhibit their indestructible essence and beauty, as the mineralogist detects and exhibits the primary form of the crystal in the lump of earth. There is at present, too, a quiet refined school of English writers; men of leisure and cultivation; clergymen and fellows; who publish with Parker and Pickering—the Hares, Trenches, Willmotts, and Helps—who issue "little books on great subjects" and whose refinements frequently take the direction of illustrating the force and purity of their native language. To some such person we are indebted for this new volume of English Synonymes which bears the recommendation of Archbishop Whately, who adopts the work in a few words of Preface and, by a careful revision of the whole, as an auxiliary to his system of Logic.

Most books of this class have, we believe, been confined to the illustration of single pairs of words; the present collection groups several words of a greater or less degree of

resemblance. This gives a good opportunity for the display of subtle distinctions, especially where the differences of words involve nice shades of secondary meanings.

Take for example the following:—

"TO PROMOTE, TO FORWARD.

"These words are often, but not uniformly, synonymous.

"1st. 'To forward' applies to the means; 'to promote,' to the end. A philanthropist is said to *promote*, not forward, the welfare of mankind: he endeavors to *forward* those objects which are undertaken with this view.

"2dly. 'To promote' is often used in relation to some effect which is only *beginning* to be produced, while 'to forward' would be used when the cause was actually in operation. For instance: 'I have taken great pains to *promote* education in an uncivilized and ignorant district, and the contributions of my my friends have done much to *forward* my views."

Or these:—

"TO CONQUER, SUBDUCE, VANQUISH, SUBJUGATE.

"'To conquer' is less individual and more general in its meaning than 'to vanquish'; we *vanquish* an enemy who attacks us; we *conquer* a country.

"'Vanquish' is always used for a combat, generally with some *personal* enemy; 'conquer' for a series of combats. We speak of *vanquishing* an enemy in a single encounter, but of *conquering* a country. Achilles *vanquished* Hector before Troy; Napoleon, in his campaigns, *conquered* great part of Europe.

"'To conquer' is oftener used metaphorically than 'to vanquish'; we talk of conquering evil inclinations, conquering oneself, &c. But in this last sense, 'to subdue' is oftener used. 'Subdue' implies a more continued pressure, and a more gradual, but surer and final victory.

"When a nation has ceased to resist, we say it is subdued. 'Subjugate' (which originally means, to bring under the yoke) implies *external* and continued restrictions. We *subdued* the French, but we did not *subjugate* them. Poland is subjugated—that is to say, kept under by a continuous pressure from without; but its spirit remains unsubdued.

"'Subjugate' is always used in speaking of *nations*—never of individuals, and never in an abstract sense. 'Subdue' may be applied to individuals even in a literal sense, but always indicates mental as well as physical conquest. A child, or a captive, is said to be completely *subdued* by severe treatment, when the spirit is broken and the mind enfeebled, or *cowed*, as it is sometimes expressed."

"DEEP, PROFOUND.

"'Deep' and 'profound' are often, but not always, synonymous. They differ, first, in this respect—that 'profound' is almost limited to abstract subjects, while 'deep' includes also natural objects. We may speak indifferently of 'a deep well,' a deep color,' or 'a deep feeling,' 'deep learning.' 'Profound' could only be applied in these last cases.

"In matters of sentiment and reflection 'deep' is generally, though not uniformly, preferred to 'profound'; in cases in which the particular intellectual faculties are in question, 'profound' is more generally used. We speak of 'deep sorrow,' 'deep thought,'—but of 'profound contempt,' 'a profound knowledge of a subject.'"

"HELP, AID, ASSISTANCE.

"These words are nearly synonymous; but as generally happens when words of Saxon and Latin derivation are compared together, the Saxon word is the stronger. 'Help' im-

plies more done by the helper, and less by the person helped, than 'aid' or 'assistance'; and it is the same with the conjugate verbs: we may *aid* a person in carrying a load, we *help* him out of a ditch into which he has fallen. Hence, in a religious sense, it is usual to speak of 'seeking help' not 'aid' from above,—unless we are understood to speak of a power *co-operating* with man; when the word 'aid' is admissible. In sudden distress the cry raised is always 'Help!' not 'aid.' In the common expressions, 'I cannot *help* this'—'you must *help* yourself,' the word 'aid' could not be substituted.

"'Assistance' implies still more of *co-operation*, and less of *succor*, than even 'aid.' Two persons are said to 'assist each other,' not 'to aid each other.' It implies *mutual* aid. We might say, 'Beaumont and Fletcher wrote plays, in which each afforded *assistance* to the other: Beaumont could not have succeeded without Fletcher's *aid*, and when he was in a difficulty his friend's *help* extricated him.'"

"TALKATIVE, LOQUACIOUS, GARRULOUS.

"A little child just learning to speak may be 'talkative'; a lively woman may be 'loquacious'; an old man in his dotage is often garrulous.' 'Talkative' implies a continual desire to speak, which may exist without ever saying much at a time; 'loquacious' includes this, and also implies a great flow of words at command. A 'garrulous' person indulges in prosy, tiresome, and lengthy talk, with frequent repetition and needless minuteness of detail. Justice Shallow is represented as 'talkative,' having little or nothing to say, but constantly speaking. Miss Mitford, in her picture of 'the talking lady,' gives an exact picture of a 'loquacious' person. Homer represents old Nestor as 'garrulous.' 'Talkativeness' and 'loquacity' often proceed from high animal spirits, and often, also, from that combination described by phrenologists as an active temperament with an inferior mental development. 'Garrulity' generally arises from feebleness of mind and uncontrolled egotism."

The distinction of "shall" and "will" is well illustrated. Of these puzzles to a foreigner it is remarked that "throughout the whole of England no misuse of them can be observed, even among the lowest of the people." It is singular how accurate the general use of mankind is in this matter of language. It takes the force and perfection of an instinct. Thus Professor Reed, who has exhibited the nicety of these so called Synonymes in poetical quotations from Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, shows us that the learning of the others was no advance upon the old supposed ignorance of Shakspeare, who furnishes examples of the extreme delicacies of the subject. But we should not be surprised at this conquest of words in a happy nature which assimilated the life of all ages and of the whole human race. A nice use of language is a proof of a feeling as well as an instructed man—a loving appreciating heart grasping more knowledge than the head. Far below Shakspeare, in the common sense and common language of the streets we may meet the proprieties and graces of language, which it is the business of philosophers not to invent but to account for.

EVERY man has the use of the dictionary, all men converse; but study will not give to every man the happy art of the happy style, nor will society or observation furnish him with illustrations. These are gifts of taste and fancy and the imagination. As is the style so is the man.

* A Selection of English Synonymes. First American edition, from the second London edition, revised and enlarged. Boston and Cambridge: Munroe & Co.
† Polonius: a Collection of Wise Sayings and Modern Instances. London: Pickering. 1832.

LORD COCKBURN'S LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.*

[SECOND PAPER.]

THE letters of Lord Jeffrey give us hardly a clearer revelation of his inner life than the reserved biography by Lord Cockburn. In truth Lord Jeffrey was no other than he seemed in the eye of the world, a practical workingman of talent; and we have the whole man in the history of his outward life. With great natural capacity and industriously educated tact, he skilfully adapted himself to circumstances and found in the business of life a full exercise for all his power, and in worldly success a full reward for all his labor. He reaped as he sowed, and in his contemporary eminence, as a writer, orator, and lawyer, Lord Jeffrey received in ready money, payment in full of all his due without leaving any outstanding claims to be settled by posterity.

Lord Jeffrey's letters reveal to us a moral nature, which in its gentleness and even tenderness show a kindness of heart, that the world ruffled by the harshness of the severe critic, will be surprised to find. He was attached in his friendships and warm in his affections; his letters give us revelations of his domestic and social life which display a happy temper, finding its appropriate exercise in genial hospitality and domestic enjoyment.

Literature was subordinate with Jeffrey to the practical duties of life, nor would he have been willing long to have cultivated it on the little oatmeal Sydney Smith tells us of. In fact literature was hardly his favorite study; social and political philosophy had as great a share of his writings, his tastes, and speculative leisure. Jeffrey, however, in one of his earliest letters, says: "I feel I shall never be a great man, unless it be as a poet," and his biographer tells us that he courted the muses with great perseverance, that endless verses left behind him in manuscript testify to his usual industry, if not success, and that he had at one time deposited a volume of poems with a publisher, which he had withdrawn however in time to save his reputation from the apparent inconsistency of being a bad poet while claiming to be a good critic. The emotional enthusiasm of youth over, Jeffrey fell from the clouds and landed upon the terra firma of practical life where he trod safely and securely. He was a true son of earth, though of Titanic proportions. In his narrow escape from being a bad poet he found his true vocation in the activities of life.

Jeffrey's letters are not the happiest specimens of their kind, they want ease and flexibility; they are didactic and labored. Jeffrey seems eternally as he writes, to be rehearsing his part of the Edinburgh critic. There are many occasions when we long for the anecdotal skill and epigrammatic point of Walpole, where for example, Jeffrey writing from London while in the enjoyment of its most brilliant society, contents himself with a dry brief enumeration of great names, or with wearisome abstract speculation. We are disappointed to find no letters addressed to Scott, Sydney Smith, Brougham, the poet Moore, and others of note with whom Jeffrey must have been connected in the intimacy of familiar letter-writing. Sydney Smith somewhere, we believe, confesses to

the Vandalism of destroying all letters received by him; fastidious reserve on the part of his biographer or Lord Jeffrey's correspondents will account probably for the absence of the letters written to others.

From a letter to Francis Horner, one of the first few who were marshalled under Sydney Smith in Jeffrey's Edinburgh garret, to do battle with the world under the cover of the Edinburgh Review, we gather some points in the early history of that review. It will be seen that the generous spirits of the Edinburgh were not long content to cultivate literature on short commons. Lord Jeffrey's apparent sensitiveness to the "degradation" of receiving pay, and discreet resolution to pocket it, appear in amusing contrast.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"There is one thing, however, that I will tell you. In consequence of a negotiation conducted by Smith during my absence, Constable and Longman have agreed to give £50 a number to the editor, and to pay £10 a sheet for all the contributions which the said editor shall think worth the money. The terms are, as Mr. Longman says, 'without precedent;' but the success of the work is not less so, and I am persuaded that if the money be well applied, it will be no difficult matter to insure its continuance. Now, my sage councillor, this editorship will be offered to me in the course of a few days, and though I shall not give any definite answer till I hear from you, and consult with some of my other friends, I will confess that I am disposed to accept of it. There are *pros* and *cons* in the case, no doubt. What the *pros* are I need not tell you. £300 a year is a monstrous bribe to a man in my situation. The *cons* are—vexation and trouble, interference with professional employment and character, and risk of general degradation. The first I have had some little experience of, and am not afraid for. The second, upon a fair consideration, I am persuaded I ought to risk. It will be long before I make £300 more than I now do by my profession, and by far the greater part of the employment I have will remain with me, I know, in spite of anything of this sort. The character and success of the work, and the liberality of the allowance, are not to be disregarded. But what influences me the most is, that I engaged in it at first gratuitously, along with a set of men whose character and situation in life must command the respect of the multitude, and that I hope to go on with it as a matter of emolument along with the same associates. All the men here will take their ten guineas, I find, and, under the sanction of that example, I think I may take my editor's salary also without being supposed to have suffered any degradation. It would be easy to say a great deal on this subject, but the sum of it, I believe, is here, and you will understand me as well as if I had been more eloquent. I would undoubtedly prefer making the same sum by my profession; but I really want the money, and think that I may take it this way, without compromising either my honor or my future interest."

Of the slashing spirit of the Review, here is an example:—

SLASHING ARTICLES.

"I scarcely know, however, what we shall have to put in it. Walter Scott has, in a manner, offered to do Godwin's Life of Chaucer; and as he understands the subject, and hates the author, I have a notion he will make a good article of it. We must abate something of our general asperity; but I think we should make one or two examples of great delinquents in every number, &c."

Lord Jeffrey married his second wife in New York, a Miss Wilkes. Of his visit to the United States, we learn nothing beyond his recorded horrors of the sea, its sickness and its terrors, and his discussion with President Monroe on the right of search question, in which Jeffrey confesses to have taken the wrong side from patriotic motives, and claims, notwithstanding, to have worsted his antagonist in the argument. Jeffrey's alliance with an American family kept alive his interest in the United States. Here is an extract from a letter dated 1818, in which Lord Jeffrey foretells the great destiny of this nation, at a time when prophecy in regard to America almost universally took quite another direction with his countrymen:—

THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.

"I cannot help taking a very warm and eager interest in the fortunes of your people. There is nothing, and never was anything, so grand and so promising as the condition and prospects of your country; and nothing I conceive more certain than that in seventy years after this its condition will be by far the most important element in the history of Europe. It is very provoking that we cannot live to see it; but it is very plain to me that the French revolution, or rather perhaps the continued operation of the causes which produced that revolution, has laid the foundations, over all Europe, of an inextinguishable and fatal struggle between popular rights and ancient establishments—between democracy and tyranny—between legitimacy and representative government, which may involve the world in sanguinary conflicts for fifty years, and may also end, after all, in the establishment of a brutal and military despotism for a hundred more; but *must* end, I think, in the triumph of reason over prejudice, and the infinite amelioration of all politics, and the elevation of all national character. Now I cannot help thinking that the example of America, and the influence and power which she will every year be more and more able to exert, will have a most potent and incalculably beneficial effect, both in shortening this conflict, in rendering it less sanguinary, and in insuring and accelerating its happy termination. I take it for granted that America, either as one or as many states, will always remain free, and consequently prosperous and powerful. She will naturally take the side of liberty therefore in the great European contest—and while her growing power and means of compulsion will intimidate its opponents, the example not only of the practicability, but of the eminent advantages, of a system of perfect freedom, and a disdain and oburation of all prejudices, and—(illegible)—cannot fail to incline the great body of all intelligent communities to its voluntary adoption."

Macaulay had written a letter in which he justified his resolution to abandon a public for a literary life; Lord Jeffrey combats his views in this wise:—

A LITERARY LIFE.

"It is a very striking and interesting letter; and certainly puts the *pros* and *cons* as to public life in a powerful way for the latter. But, after all, will either human motives or human duties ever bear such a dissection? and should we not all become Hownynyms or Quakers, and selfish cowardly fellows, if we were to act on views so systematic? Who the devil would ever have anything to do with love or war, nay, who would venture himself on the sea, or on a galloping horse, if he were to calculate in this way the chances of shortening life or forfeiting comfort by such venturesome doings? And is there not a vocation in the gifts which fit us for particular stations

* Life of Lord Jeffrey, with a selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. In 2 volumes. Volume I. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

to which it is a duty to listen? Addison and Gibbon did well to write, because they *could* not speak in public. But is that any rule for M? And then as to the tranquillity of an author's life, I confess I have no sort of faith in it, and am sure that as eloquent a picture might be drawn of its cares, and fears, and mortifications, its feverish anxieties, humiliating rivalries, and jealousies, and heart-sinking exhaustion, as he has set before us of a statesman. And as to fame, if an author's is now and then more lasting, it is generally longer withheld, and, except in a few rare cases, it is of a less pervading or elevating description. A great poet, or great original writer, is above all other glory. But who would give much for such a glory as Gibbon's. Besides, I believe it is in the inward glow and pride of consciously influencing the great destinies of mankind, much more than in the sense of personal reputation, that the delight of either poet or statesman chiefly consists. Shakspeare plainly cared nothing about his glory, and Milton referred it to other ages. And, after all, why not be both statesmen and authors, like Burke and Clarendon."

Here is a prediction in 1840, falsified in 1852. But who so wise as to predict truly of that mystery of nations, France, that gives the lie to all prophecies, all hopes, all expectations:—

NAPOLÉON II.

"Edinburgh, Wednesday, 4th May, 1840.

"I do not believe your Frenchman who says that a Napoleon—that is, a Napoleon feeding on *derived* claims and memories—could have any chance, if there was an open competition for French sovereignty. What another incarnation of the last potent spirit might do in France, or anywhere, is another question. But I do not believe there is any such hankering after *conscensions* and a *military despotism* (for that is the synonym of military glory, and well enough understood) among the really influential classes in France, as to give any chance for a mere military chief, much less for an alien who has achieved no glory for himself. All that is mere chatter, and only proves that there is much discontent and much loose thinking and talking on great subjects, which we scarcely needed a man to come across the channel and tell us."

Some further passages which we have marked remain for another number.

WINES AND WINE-DRINKING.*

CRITICAL reference to two treatises upon "Wines," published almost simultaneously in England and in America—the one classically theoretical, the other eminently practical—may be regarded in these days of "liquor-law" agitation as the height of literary impudence. Nevertheless with two legislative reports regarding *tee-totalism* upon our table—McCulloch-ish in statistics and Radcliffean in horrors, albeit they are—we pursue our task as one of delight and instruction.

Since men will drink wine, and since anti-wine laws are regarded by eminent lawyers as decidedly unconstitutional, it behooves the community to drink good wine.

"Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used," said Iago.

And, says wise Selden in his "Table-Talk":—"Pleasures of meat, drink, clothes, &c. are forbidden those that know not how to use them, just as nurses cry pah! when

they see a knife in a child's hand—they will never say anything to a man."

We call up for readers not fiery faces nor gutta serena throats; nor tongues long since caustic; nor palates years ago petrified; nor stomachs which are restive at less than twenty grains of cayenne pepper to the wine glass of spirits. To such, wine is indeed a mocker. As well give *patés* from Strasbourg to the New Zealander or strawberries to the blubber-chewers of Greenland, as Tokay, Sherry, or the effervescing draughts from champagne vineyards to throats, tongues, palates, and stomachs racked and ruined by potential drams. We gently crave the ear of him who at his favorite dinner touches with cautionary respect the silver-top'd cork of his Madeira, or the elongated neck of his Sherry decanter, and at every grateful sip feels the warm currents of memory brightening in his brain or reflects the hues of fancy from his sparkling eyes;—the ear of him who on an August day cools his fevered diaphragm with baths from the Chateau Margaux;—the ear of him who around the polished mahogany of his library when the keen blasts of December howl in baffled rage about his tightly-closed window-blinds, meets his chosen friends—the quaintly-carved, silver-topped pitchers of smoking whiskey-punch at their elbow with miniature ladles of scented wood and slender glasses close at hand; when and where the hearty but polished joke, the glib and delicate repartee, the discerning and judicious opinion circle in an atmosphere fragrant as the boudoir of a harem.

To these the gracious Mr. Redding and the considerate McMullen have tendered their literary as well as professional respects. To the drawing-rooms of genial feeling, to the sideboards of discriminating hospitality, to the domestic sanctum of the jaded business toiler, to the mahoganies of they of the free hand and open heart, to the festive gatherings of friendship and ambitious respect make they their progress as welcome as the toasted beauty to the *salon* or the brilliant wit to the well-chosen dinner. And—to the library of every true connoisseur.

There is no world of art less peopled with true connoisseurs than the world of which Bacchus is the anointed king. For the most part his subjects are ludicrous pretenders to knowledge and its true dignity; they are wise only in their own conceit; they are self-convicted of the Talleyrand offense which is greater than a crime—*blundering*. The laws of their realms are kept for the initiated few and not graven upon tables of brass to be posted in the "comitium" of every family. They will be so no longer now that McMullen, like a second *Cneus Flavius*, gives them to the grateful world. Consequently nine out of every ten who patronize the spirits of wine are shallow pretenders. One is led by the nose by a relative in the "trade" who makes the cellar of his victim a refuse storehouse of unsaleable stock. Another in the glitter of a cork or the imprimatur of a brand will be innocently beguiled into the stocking of wines which like the printing of the brands owe their existence to home manufacture. A third patronizes a merchant in whose store is nothing which came from over seas, but the corks and the casks. Yet each and all will imagine themselves the possessors of vintages undoubted, and set down their headaches and disordered livers and muddled kidneys to the gravies or the cook—

for as to injuries from *their* wines, oh impossible!

Malsmley Buttridge, Esq., my next door neighbor, inherited a taste and a knowledge for wines from his father—he says:—But unfortunately the stock selected by the latter vanished with his death—the cork of the last bottle of the carefully selected vintages being loosed with the silver cord of his life. Like many a son in other matters, he sets up connoisseurship upon the capital derived from his father. I dined with him last week. I dine there often, for although the wine of Malsmley Buttridge, Esq. is execrable, his soups and his wife are most excellent beguilers of time. When on such occasions of dining Malsmley invites a few friends—city friends—"change" friends but never changing in their esteem notwithstanding the liquid poison they continue to drink from his mahogany—he is in his glory. With a grace worthy of a Chesterfield and an accentuation which an elocutionist might envy, he calls Thomas the Butler to his side and enquires of the wines. "The Sauterne and the Chateau Latour, are they properly set out? Has the champagne been properly microscoped to see if it is creamy? Did the decanter of brandy come from the bottles of 1795? From which bin came the Port?" are questions which Thomas listens to with the most solemn gravity and answers with the most quizzical air of respect. Good butler that Thomas! He has lived with the Duke of Devonshire, he has studied as an amateur under Francantelli, and can count to a fraction how many grains of salt too much the cook may have dropped into the *potage*. His service with the Duke all of his master's friends well know. If they did not 'twere because of chronic deafness, for at every dinner our friend Malsmley makes some ingenious reference to the fact.

Malsmley's wine laws are as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians. He is a very Darius in these matters, and exacts obedience. He expects wry faces and Sauterne over the soups, and he is vulgar enough to drink champagne with his roasts. He has an idea that porter and a biscuit before commencing dinner is a peptic adjunct of infinite value. His novitiate guest must take heed that he do not at Malsmley's sideboard lay the groundwork of a chronic dyspepsia.

"Capital wine this, 'Yorkel,' my boy," says he, raising up a glass of port thick as apple jelly and fragrant as Lee's blacking. "I bought this wine at a bargain from old Swasherton in Front street—had been in his cellar for ten years—got uncommon crusty from some unaccountable circumstance—perhaps in process of petrification from contiguity of soils, who knows? Swasherton himself thought it too crusty—I knew better—Swasherton gave it to me at the original invoice—here it is."

Meeting no response from my unenthusiastic eye, he turns to his neighbor "Glumley," in the midst of casting sly glances at Madame, whom he adores. Glumley in much confusion turns around—he has heard nothing—but he sees the wine glass of his host at his eye—he knows that one topic is paramount—he answers, "oh certainly," and half bowing to Madame, gulps his dose and is silent.

"Take another, 'Glumley' my boy," says the host, passing the bottle, "it wouldnt injure a dying man." And "Glumley," not yet recovered from his confusion, perfects

* Hand-book of Wines: Practical, Theoretical, and Historical. By Thomas McMullen. Appletons.
A History and Description of Modern Wines. By Cyrus Redding. Bohn's Illustrated Library. Bangs, Brother & Co.

the headache which was but previously began.

Malsley's birth-day is not far off, and it is our fixed determination to send him on the morning of its arrival an elegant bound volume of McMullen's "Hand-book."

Our volume is well named. Like the Hand-books of travel by Murray, the subject from prefatory starting to final resting is mapped out distinctly and aptly. Entering at once the climates of vine growing the reader explores the vineyards of the world; under oriental skies, by the glowing sunsets of Italy and Portugal, by the brilliant blushings of rosy-fingered Aurora in *La Belle France*—he stands by the side of the vine-dressing maid, or in the midst of the gentle vintagers by the presses where the rich hues of the grape juice lend a greater charm to sparkling eyes and ruby lips. Or he is a chemist for the nonce in analysing processes and fermentations. Or he grows statistical over still wines, and red wines, and dry wines and white whites and sweet wines and strong wines and sparkling wines and weak wines and triune wines, until his brain is in a whirl of extatic fancy. Or he grows critical over bouquets and aromas, and at Barmecide feasts drinks Barmecide bumpers of Gironde wines, or draughts from innumerable Chateaux, of Burgundy, and St. Péral. Or bent upon doing homage to her gracious majesty of Spain (whose name for humanity and courage is creeping up to that of Isabella on the calendar of renown) he forgets his purpose in order to stray into the province of Andalusia or the renowned *pagos* of San Julian and Husillo, whose liquid names are worthy of the brilliant liquids they produce; and near to which peasants unhappily ignorant of Falstaff and Tristram Shandy, water the ground with "Sack." Or he is dancing over tropical seas to Madeira and the Canaries in search of Sercial and Tenerife, which to taste in their native luxuriance is to approach next door to the fountains which Ponce de Leon sought for in vain. Or like an enthusiast Ida Pfeiffer, he travels from Sicily to Hungary, from Hungary (very thirsty notwithstanding Tokay) to Cyprus, and from thence into the fastnesses of Persia to drink to the health of Layard and the memory of Satraps, whose tombs, like those of the defunct guides of Mont Blanc, are—nowhere.

And then the reader, slightly wearied with his travels, returns to his library-table and the cheerful bracket to learn by means of graceful rhetoric how wines are mixed, conserved, or fined, or bottled: and what are their properties, and uses, and effects: their dietetic and medical qualities. And how—most important of all—they should be purchased and drank!

When our friend Malsley Buttridge, Esq., receives the birthday present before mentioned, he will find this passage delicately marked:—

"The choice of wine is a very difficult task, especially for the uninitiated. The difficulty is two fold; in the first place no two persons have the same ideas of the flavor of any particular wine; secondly, the wines of the same vineyard differ in different years. A purchaser should always, if possible, choose for himself the wine which is most agreeable to his palate, and relying upon the merchant for its good quality, he will thus add the latter's experience to his own choice."

To the legislative committee who have in

(safe) keeping the "Maine liquor law," we present the following extract:—

"In all ages of the world, in sacred and profane history, the abuse and not the use of wine has been condemned. It is painful to reflect how much this abuse has converted what is naturally a blessing, into an evil of no ordinary magnitude; so difficult is it to mark the limit of rational enjoyment even in the best things. The practice of drinking largely of wine has much decreased of late years; and though 'Attic taste with wine' may be a union as rare as before in any class of society, it is certain that wine was never less abused than in the present day, nor excess more generally avoided."

Let every reader take a glass of generous wine to the eloquence of the following chapter, which originated by "Redding," is reproduced with acknowledgments by "McMullen."

"A few remarks on the art of drinking wine may be acceptable to the majority of readers; and there certainly is as much difference between the modes in which a horse drinks from the crystal stream, and the hog from his trough, as between the different modes practised in accordance with refinement and education, and vulgarity and ignorance. He that sits down frequently with a party never 'less than the Graces, nor more than the Muses' in number, and is the occasional sharer in a debauch with the vulgar, will naturally see the gifts of Heaven used very differently, since the one partakes in a gratification merely animal, and the other in that which is social and refined; with the one wine is the sauce merely, with the other it makes the great end and object of the occasion."

"The true enjoyer of wine finds it to exhilarate the spirits, increase the memory, promote cheerfulness; or if he be something of a wit, it draws out his hoarded stores of good sayings and lively repartees, during the moment of relaxation from thought, at the hour when it is good 'to sit awhile.' This cheerful glass calls into action his better qualities, as with the ruby liquid he swallows 'a sunbeam of the sky.' He makes his wine secondary to his conversation, and when he finds the latter at what he thinks its keenest edge and brightest polish, he leaves the table to mingle with beauty, and exchange the wine for a sparkle of more attractive and higher character—perhaps to bask in 'the purple light of love.' He who would destroy good wine by taking it when its flavor is no longer fresh to the palate, is a drunkard; he knows nothing of the refinement in animal enjoyment, which consists in taking rather less than enough. Always to rise from the feast with an appetite is a maxim which, however gourmands and sensualists may despise it, is the course for a rational being, as well as that which yields the richest enjoyment. By this we preserve the freshness of the first taste, the full flavor of the first sip: as the odor of the rose deadens upon the sense after the first exhalation, so it is with wine and with all our enjoyments. Thus we learn how we may, in the truest and most refined sense, enjoy the pleasures by which the benevolence of Him, who has given us the things enjoyed, is best repaid by our enjoying wisely. Those whose standard of excellence in wine is its potency and inebriating qualities, imagine as long as they can get it into the stomach, it is no matter how the thing is done. Such persons may be styled 'stomach drinkers,' and may as well attain the lodgement of the fluid in the part desired by means of a forcing-pump and a tube, as any other mode. The palate to them is secondary to the warmth

of this general magazine of liquids and solids."

"What is a bumper?" This question is answered thus. It is only a slight corruption of the old French phrase *bonpér*, signifying a boon companion.

The word "wassail" we find to be compounded of "*waes*," wishing, and "*hael*," health, implying the wish of good health.

The ancient custom of pledging healths (as Mr. McMullen vouches) arose from circumstances which occurred during the invasion of England by the Danes. The latter permitted no Englishman to drink in their presence without special permission—death the penalty of disobedience. Their cruelty so intimidated the English, that even when permission had been given they did not take advantage of it until the Danes had pledged themselves not to endanger their lives while partaking of the draught.

How the American custom of tipping glasses, rife in sundry sections of our country, originated—our enthusiastic author does not inform us. It is therefore, we conclude, lost in the obscurity of some Mississippi swamp, or has emigrated to California, beyond his antiquarian reach.

A collection of maxims are added of some wit, quaintness, and epigrammatic point:

FOR PUBLIC DINNERS.

"A two bottle port man is only a wine-funnel."

FOR THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

"Bacchus has drowned more than Neptune."

FOR THE RACE OF MALMSLEY BUTTRIDGE.

"Bad wine is the guest's horror and the host's disgrace."

FOR PEERERS INTO PEERAGE LISTS.

"Burgundy is the wine of princes, Sillery of nobles, Claret of the gentle born, and Port of the citizens."

TO REVIEWERS.

"Champagne is like criticism, nothing more execrable if bad, nothing more excellent if good."

TO THE SHAKESPERIAN FUND TRUSTEES.

"The Caliban of wine is port: the Ariel champagne."

TO THE CONNOISSEUR.

"Wine that brightens the eyes, cheese without eyes, and bread all eyes, then fear no starvation."

"Your stomach is your wine cellar, keep the stock small and good."

MR. WARBURTON'S DARIEN.*

DURING the latter part of the Seventeenth century, a Scotchman by the name of Patterson, a man of a bold, adventurous spirit, possessed of a genius for commercial enterprise and for whom is claimed the credit of the original conception of the Bank of England, conceived the idea of establishing a colony on the Isthmus of Darien. The bold and original design of Patterson, stated in the glowing colors of an enthusiastic projector, was received with great enthusiasm throughout Europe. A new city, that should be the union of the two great oceans, the door of the sea and the key of the universe, was to arise. The new city was to surpass Alexandria of old. Trade would increase there; money would beget money; and the trading

* Darien; or, the Merchant Prince. By Elliot Warburton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

world need no more to want work for its hands, but hands for its work. The enterprise was seconded by Fletcher, of Saltoun, and was at first warmly encouraged by the great schemer Law; King William III. patronised it, Scotland, England, Hamburg, and Holland, all liberally contributed their wealth. Difficulty, however, beset the enterprise, in its very inception. The fears of the East India Company were aroused. The English Parliament shared in their fears for vested interests. The King withdrew his patronage, England, Holland, and Hamburg their funds. It was left to Scotland alone to sustain the bold venture of the adventurous Patterson. An expedition fitted out at a great expense sailed. The colonists found hostility, famine, disease, and death in that Darien where they were promised a friendly welcome from the Indian, a soil rich to a fault, crystal rivers sparkling over sands of gold, an enchanted land of endless wealth, beauty, and delight. The enterprise failed, and it has been reserved for our age to attest the practicability of a design first conceived by the bold and original mind of Patterson two centuries ago. It was but the other day that a new city, not far from the site of the old Scotch colony, was hailed at its birth with acclamation, and pledged to American enterprise, by the name of an American merchant.

The Scotch Darien enterprise, in its enthusiastic origin and its fatal result, is the historic basis of Mr. Warburton's novel, and Patterson the bold projector, is its hero. The author need hardly have availed himself of the illusion of fiction to give interest to his subject. Mr. Warburton's fervid narrative and eloquent description would have found scope enough within the historic truth. The tricks of the novelist's art, seem but impertinences, amid the romantic realities of the life of Patterson and of the history of the Scotch Darien expedition. There are many passages in the book of fervid, eloquent writing, which would not have been misplaced in an historical narrative, and thus Mr. Warburton might have given us the facts of history with all the glowing interest of his eloquently written romance.

Isa; a Pilgrimage. By Caroline Chesebro'. Redfield.—This is a work of more ambitious aim than that of the generality of brief works of fiction. Its heroine is a woman of intellect and beauty, who devotes herself to a literary life. Her mind is at an early age corrupted by the perusal of an infidel book, and, afterwards becoming connected with the author of the work in the editorship of a transcendental newspaper, she falls a victim to the association—the pair being much too transcendental to think of matrimony. The character of the heroine is powerfully sustained, the subordinate characters well developed, and the work elevated and healthy in tone.

Romance of Natural History; or, Wild Scenes and Wild Hunters. By C. W. Webber. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—We have before (Literary World, No. 246) spoken of the contents of this volume, which, then presented in a limited edition, by subscription, are now, with additional illustrations brought together in a compact, available volume, which has the look of a popular favorite. Mr. Webber is a man of action and reflection, and knows how to blend a poetical enthusiasm, cultivated by Shelley and Tennyson, with wild scenes of western adventure, to which their experiences afforded no parallel. Mr. Webber, in fact, writes with unction, and

his books have a relish accordingly. This is one of the best of them. It would be a very dull youth who would go to sleep over his pages.

The Legislative Guide. By Joseph Bartlett Burleigh. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.—This volume contains the Constitution of the United States, with a minute index; the Standing Rules and Orders for Conducting business in the House of Representatives and the Senate of the U. S.; Jefferson's Manual of Parliamentary Practice; a Citizen's Manual of Society business, and duties—all carefully indexed—a valuable book of reference and use in a community where every man is to be capable of organizing a government, from a debating club to the Constitution of a Territory.

An Historical Atlas. By J. E. Worcester. New and revised edition. Cambridge: John Bartlett.—It has often been a matter of surprise to us that history, biography, indeed the record of the progress of the world in every department of art or science have not been oftener taught by means of pictorial maps. The process is now creeping into our school books, but is not yet, by any means, brought to the perfection of which it is capable. In physical science, the atlas of Johnston shows what may be done in this way in extent and facility of information. The condition of the world as to heat or cold, its geology, its civilization, its means of travel by sea or land, may there be learnt at a glance. The application to the study of History is not less direct. Every ordinary geographical atlas is of course historical, but it presents but one particular period. By an application of the lines of latitude and longitude, Mr. Worcester, in a kind of Mercator's projection, shows us on one page the state of the world, by centuries, from the deluge to the present day. The perpendicular lines enclose the centuries, the horizontal separate the countries. The particular rule of the period is represented by name and in colors; thus on the same parallel the huge pink space of the Roman Empire slopes off in the narrow limits of the Franks in blue, or the Saracens in green. Tabular views also present us charts of Mythology, of chronology, ancient and modern, of separate historical events, ending with a chart of Biography, which shows the contemporary great men of any era. The volume is in thin folio, and besides its use in schools, is a good book of reference.

A Comprehensive Geography and History; Ancient and Modern. By S. G. Goodrich. George Savage.—A well-printed, abundantly illustrated, elegant quarto volume, of 272 pages, advancing the knowledge and study of Geography and History, from the excellent elementary books hitherto employed for these purposes. The maps included on the pages are printed in two colors, marking clearly the most important localities. The wood-cut illustrations are spirited and striking, with an air of decided novelty, embracing new views of cities, street-views, portraits, natural history, scientific and historical illustrations, vignettes, &c. The information is brought down to the latest moment, and the whole work is a liberal embodiment of the information, tact, and experience of its accomplished author.

Elements of Chemistry; Including the Application of the Science in the Arts. By Thomas Graham, F. R. S. Part I. Phila.: Blanchard & Lea.—A new edition, including the additions and revisions of the late English edition, which render it essentially—from the progress of the science and its means of illustration—a new publication. The author is Professor of Chemistry in University College, London, and his work is a standard authority in the science.

History of the United States; or, Republic of America. By Emma Willard. Barnes & Co.—Another volume of Geography and History,

with one of the features noticed above—a series of progressive maps of the United States at different periods. These are cleanly engraved on steel. The text is confined to a statement of facts, which are clearly enrolled in sections, and distinctly marked by marginal references. At the close of the work the authoress makes a vigorous attack on Abolition Disunionists, whom she pronounces to be supported by foreign aid for the purpose of disorganizing the Union.

Mark Seaworth; a Tale of the Indian Ocean. By William H. G. Kingston. Francis & Co.—A new book for the young, by the author of "Peter the Whaler," with illustrations copied from John Absolon. Polynesia is the best field left for poetry and romance, and it will be some time before it is exhausted of its Robinson Crusoe capabilities. Mark Seaworth blends description and adventure in due proportions and is an accession to the capital juvenile publications of Messrs. Francis.

J. H. COLTON has recently published a Map of the State of New York, one of a series to embrace all the States of the Union. It is admirably engraved, the names of places being distinctly lettered without crowding the map. It includes a great portion of the State of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont, with the whole of Long Island.

MARKS AND REMARKS.

MR. JARED SPARKS has written three letters to the *Evening Post* on the subject of his alleged "tamperings" with the text of Washington's Correspondence. It was stated in the *Friar Lubin* letter, published Feb. 12, 1851, more than a year ago—which opened the attack upon Mr. Sparks now followed up in Lord Mahon's History and by the *Gentleman's Magazine*,—that the originals of Washington's letters printed in the "Reed Correspondence," had been furnished to Mr. Sparks, and that, in the work of the latter, they appeared differently, in many things affecting character and our judgment of it, from the true copies. We commented upon this fact at the time (*Lit. World*, No. 213). The explanation which Mr. Sparks now gives of the affair is a general one. He says that he made no additions to the text, that he pretended to publish only a selection from Washington's letters, and that among the omissions are parts of letters, and he says that he has used the copies in the letter books among the Washington papers, which differ frequently from the letters sent. These are the points bearing directly on the charges of *Friar Lubin*. How far they can be satisfactory must depend upon a special investigation of the facts and upon the exercise of Mr. Sparks's judgment in particular cases—and the latter, boldly questioned by an historian of Lord Mahon's character, is a matter yet to be adjudged.

Mr. Sparks claims—a claim which is to be looked at very suspiciously—it to be "the solemn duty" of an editor "to correct obvious slips of the pen, occasional inaccuracies of expression, and manifest faults of grammar, which the writer himself, if he could have revised his own manuscripts, would never for a moment have allowed to appear in print." But supposing the writer would have altered them, in their original state they may afford very desirable and very authentic information.

When variations of this kind are found in works of general literature, as in the case of Murray's editions of the Poems of Crabbe and Byron, the two passages are both given

as varieties, in the notes, and we think the interest would not be less in Washington's case. If Washington in later life, as Mr. Sparks states, corrected his writings, the difference between Washington at one period and at another is surely worth noting. For convenience of reference—as the matter is probably not yet ended—it is desirable that Mr. Sparks' letters should be published, as well as the original charges, in pamphlet form.

A correspondent (X.) supplies us with a more satisfactory reference than that given by Mr. Bancroft for the story of General Wolfe's quotation from Gray the evening previous to the battle in which he lost his life:—

"General Wolfe.—Professor Reed is certainly right in ascribing the anecdote concerning the General to Dr. Robison. It appeared, in the first place, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Vol. VII., in a biographical sketch of Dr. Robison, by the celebrated John Playfair, and has since been transferred to the collected works of that ancient philosopher, (vol. iv.).

"As the style of Professor Playfair was as much a matter of eulogy among his contemporaries, as his great acquirements in science, I subjoin his narrative, only premising that Dr. Robison (afterwards Professor John Robison, of the University of Edinburgh), was a midshipman in Admiral Saunders' fleet.

"He happened (says Playfair) to be on duty in the boat in which Wolfe went to visit some of his posts, the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine, and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General, with much feeling, repeated nearly the whole of Gray's Elegy, (which had appeared not long before and was yet but little known), to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat, adding, as he concluded, that "he would prefer being the author of that poem, to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."

The following honorable disposition of the estate of the late Harmanus Bleecker, of Albany, will interest many of our readers who were his friends. A few days since in the New York Senate Mr. Taber presented a petition from J. V. L. Pruyn, of Albany, the tenor and purpose of which he explained in the following manner:

Harmanus Bleecker, lately our Chargé to the Hague, who, by his high literary attainments, and the mental dignity and moral purity of his character, was an honor to his native city, died in July, 1849, leaving his whole estate, except a few legacies, to his widow, a most estimable lady, whom he had married during his residence at the Hague. It had been the purpose of Mr. Bleecker, prior to his marriage, which occurred at an advanced period of his life, to devote his property to some public purpose, beneficial to the city of Albany, where it was in part inherited, and in part earned in the practice of his profession as an eminent lawyer. His wishes to this effect were not relinquished upon his marriage, and were known to the noble spirited and generous hearted lady who became his wife. He, however, died, leaving

his property, by his will, to her absolutely, but with the verbal request, that at her death she would dispose of it in some way for the benefit of the city of Albany. Having afterwards married Henri Coster, a gentleman, also from Holland, who seems to have participated fully in her integrity of character and generosity of purpose, united in a conveyance of the whole property, amounting to seventy or eighty thousand dollars, to the petitioner, absolutely, reserving to themselves a life estate only, and leaving the manner in which the above object should be carried into effect, after the termination of the life estate, entirely in the discretion of the petitioner. To accomplish this benevolent object, so honorable to all the parties concerned, I ask that the bill accompanying the petition, and fitted to confirm the trust, and protect the fund from any contingency to which the private affairs of the trustee may at any time hereafter be exposed, may be now ordered engrossed for a third reading.

The request was granted, and the bill ordered to a third reading.

The London papers furnish some further details of the Shelley Forgeries exposed in the *London Athenæum*. Mr. White, the bookseller of Pall Mall, who sold them to Moxon, gives this account of his purchase of them, introducing to the notice of the reader the "son of Lord Byron," who commenced in this city the publication of an edition of his "father's" poems, prohibited in London, and which stopped short at a second number.

"One afternoon, during the summer of 1848, a well-dressed lady-like young person called to know if I purchased autograph letters, as she had two unpublished ones of Lord Byron's to dispose of. I replied, that although I had been in business some twenty-five years, I had never purchased an autograph letter on my own account. The name of Byron, however, and unpublished, struck me as worth looking at, and after doing so, I made a purchase. Shortly after she called again and brought two more. I then questioned her as to who she was, where she came from, and how she obtained them. She said they were the property of her elder sister, who resided at St. John's Wood—that they had been left her by their father, a deceased surgeon, who had been an autograph collector, especially of the MSS. of these poets—having made a point of laying his hands upon all he could of their unpublished productions. She also said that he knew Fletcher, Byron's valet—had attended him professionally on his deathbed—and that Fletcher had given him some books which Lord Byron had left him, when he died in Greece. These books, however, and the Shelley Letters, she said her sister would not part with on any account—that she herself had never seen them, her sister having always kept them locked up. That the reason of her sister parting with them one or two at a time, arose from her unwillingness to part with them at all, which would not have taken place but from the circumstances of an agent running away with some rents, on which they depended to exist for a certain period. She said the reason her sister did not come herself arose from her being an invalid, much confined to the house. She continued calling from time to time over a space of several months, according, as she stated, her sister's necessities compelled her to part with these precious relics." Mr. White then

describes a negotiation into which he entered with Mr. Murray for the sale of these MSS., who, having examined them carefully, and believing them to be genuine, gave a check for the amount agreed on. He then returns to the lady: "After she brought me, as she said, the whole of the Byron letters, the necessities and ill health of her sister still continuing, she commenced bringing the Shelley letters. After I had accumulated some of these, I wrote to Moxon, as a matter of literary interest, concerning what I was purchasing; and told him I should be glad to show them to him any time he would call upon me. On his calling and looking them over, he at once suggested what I had not thought of, namely, that I should make an offer of the private letters to the Shelley family." Mr. White appears to have acted on this suggestion, but his overtures were rejected by Mrs. Shelley, in the most decided manner, on two different occasions. An application was subsequently made to Mr. White, he says, by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, wishing to know if they could treat with him for these MSS., as they were empowered to do so by Sir Percy Shelley; but this negotiation also fell to the ground. Mr. White then continues:—"When the lady had brought me all the Shelley letters, she commenced with what her sister thought the most precious of all—Fletcher's dying bequest to her father of the Byron books. After she had ceased bringing these, which I bought without the slightest suspicion, as I am sure much cleverer persons than myself would have done, she told me there was an end of the relics." It appears that the lady subsequently sold Mr. White some other "manuscript books," which he sent to Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's auction-room, and on the evening of the same day, Mr. Rowsell, the bookseller, of Great Queen-street, who had purchased them, called on him to say that he had resold one of the books to a Mr. Byron, who had not paid for it, and that he (Mr. Rowsell) wanted to know where "Mr. Byron" lived. The mention of this person's name "for the second time" in the course of these transactions excited Mr. White's suspicions with regard to the lady, and when he saw her again he immediately accused her of coming to him with false representations, and told her what he had found out. "She made sundry excuses why she had done so—told me a great deal about her husband, his misfortunes, &c. I had repeatedly asked where her sister lived in St. John's Wood, but she begged I would not press the question, as her sister would much rather not have it known, from motives of delicacy. I was now, however, determined to know her residence, and sent a person with her in a cab, which she took to Judd Place, New Road, with a view of bringing her husband to me. He was, however, from home; and she promised to call with him the next day—and they did call—when he gave various excuses and reasons why he had preserved an incognito in the disposal of his MSS. and books. That he was writing the life of his father, a portion of which he showed me in print; that he had travelled all over England, France, Italy, and Switzerland, to collect autographs and relics of his father from persons whom he knew to possess them; that he had purchased a great many of the letters of Mr. Hodges, of Frankfort, and of Mr. Wright, a gentleman connected with the "Quarterly Review;" that most of the books had be-

* Another correspondent also refers us to this passage from the citation of Mr. Parkman, in his History of Pontiac, chap. iv., pp. 117, 118.

longed to Fletcher, his father's valet, to whom they had been given at Byron's death; that the Shelley letters had been collected in various ways; some, he thought, from the Marlow box, and from various quarters, which I cannot remember, as it is now three years since. He gave me a written attestation that everything that I had bought was genuine, but he would not engage that they should not be printed in the life of his father which he was preparing. This must have been some time after I sold you the letters, and as we had no occasion of meeting after that circumstance from that time to this, accounts for my not having told you of the last affair." Respecting the general belief in the genuineness of the (alleged) Byron and Shelley MSS., Mr. White says: "Mr. Hookham (Shelley's friend) had no doubt of the genuineness of these letters. Mr. Moxon (Shelley's publisher) not the slightest doubt. He knew they were in my possession from the time I first showed them to him, upwards of three years ago, until he sought them at Southeby's. The form-fellow of Byron's at Harrow, recently deceased, had no question about the Byron books. They were also shown to the accomplished son of Byron's tutor at Harrow, whose family have several relics of Byron, which they hold as heir-looms. If, therefore, you, as Byron's publisher, and Moxon as Shelley's publisher, had not the slightest doubt about these matters, why should I have felt any, who had never seen a scrap of either of the poets' writings?" The weak point of this statement, notes the *Examiner*, hardly needs to be pointed out. There is no doubt that Mr. White was imposed upon; but after the imposition was practised against him, he had reason to entertain suspicions that all was not right, and those suspicions he ought to have made known to Mr. Murray and Mr. Moxon.

The *Literary Gazette* says of this affair:—No small sensation has been caused in Paris by the discovery of the extraordinary forgeries of the Shelley letters; and the articles on the subject by this or other journals have been copied into all the Paris newspapers. The fact is, that the system of forging letters and manuscripts of distinguished personages is carried on to a large extent in that city; indeed, it is as much a regular branch of business as the manufacture of pictures by the great masters is in Italy. There is, we are assured, not a sale of manuscripts in the French capital—and nowhere are such sales more numerous—in which forgeries are not audaciously palmed off on the public by wholesale; and there is reason to suspect that gentlemen of position, or who have gained celebrity as manuscript collectors, do not hesitate, for a "consideration," to allow false documents to be slipped among the real ones, and to be offered in their names by public auction. In Germany many similar frauds are practised with much success. Only a little while ago a gentleman purchased several letters purporting to be written by Luther, every one of which it now appears is a forgery. In Italy, too, the same nefarious system is carried on. We are assured, for example, that a great many papers said to have belonged to Torquato Tasso, and for selling which a Count Alberti was tried a short time ago at Rome, were undoubted forgeries, though some of the most experienced men in such matters declared them authentic. The skill of the

forgers, whether French, Italian, or German, and we may now add English, in concocting papers, inks, seals, and writing, is truly remarkable.

THE APACHES.

BY WILLIAM W. TURNER.

A Paper read before the American Ethnological Society, March 27th, 1852.

AMONG the aboriginal tribes whom the recent acquisitions of territory from Mexico have brought within the boundaries of the United States are the formidable nation of the *Apaches* and their congeners, the *Navahoes*, numbering in all, according to the most probable though still dubious computations, some 25,000 souls. Their principal seat during the time they have been known to Europeans has been the triangle included between the Rio del Norte, the Gila, and the Colorado of the West; but they have long, it seems, been gradually spreading towards the south, and their range now extends from considerably to the east of the Del Norte in Texas through the northern provinces of Mexico to California. They are accomplished horsemen, and the most adroit cattle-thieves in the world; and the combination of cruelty and cowardice in the Spanish population has so stimulated the aggressions of these savages on their property and their persons, that the inhabitants of New Mexico, Chihuahua, and Sonora live in perpetual terror of their attacks. Nor is this state of things essentially altered since the Americans of the United States have had possession of New Mexico. Each arrival brings accounts of new outrages and depredations; and nothing but long and severe experience, it is to be feared, will teach them the difference in character between the old and new proprietors of the country.

The ethnological affinities of the Apache nation have been repeatedly discussed. Dr. Vater, in the *Mithridates*, conjectures that they are allied by language to the Pawnees; and he speaks of the great light it would throw on the history of this people should such be found to be the fact, and of the importance of deciding the question by accurate investigation. But Dr. Vater's conjecture was based on a passage in the *Travels of Major Pike*, who by the term "Lee Panis" meant, not the Pawnees, but the Lipanes or Lipans, a small Apache band in the state of Texas.

The late Lieut. Ruxton expressed the opinion, both in his *Adventures in Mexico* and in a paper read before the Ethnological Society of London, that the Apaches belonged to the same family with the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and that their language was probably identical with the Mexican!

But the doctrine which has gained the greatest currency is that promulgated in the *Travels of that most authentic and veracious personage, Monsieur Violet*. Among other assertions as to the relationships of Indian tribes made with equal boldness and an equal absence of truth, it is there stated that the Apaches, like the Comanches, are sprung from the Shoshonees or Snake Indians of Oregon. Had this assertion remained confined to the original romance, it would not have been worth noticing at this time; but unfortunately it has found its way into the scientific literature of the day, having been incautiously adopted by the distinguished geographer Berghaus in one of the supplements to his *Physical Geography*,

and by Dr. Latham (though not with perfect confidence) in his recently published *Varieties of Man*. That it is incorrect is evinced by the testimony of reliable original authorities, who describe the Comanches and Apaches as differing both in person and character as well as in the nature of their languages, to such a degree that they must necessarily be of different tribes.

But the safest guide, that of language, was wanting to ethnologists for determining the affinities of this people. It is true their speech had been repeatedly described as excessively guttural and uncouth, but we owe the first specimen of it, as far as I am aware, to the scientific zeal of Lieut. J. H. Simpson, of that admirable branch of the United States military service, the corps of topographical engineers, which has produced so many excellent contributions to American geography and ethnography, especially during the last few years. In Lieut. Simpson's Report of an Expedition into the Navajo Country, published in 1850, is contained an exceedingly valuable set of vocabularies, brief and imperfect though they are, of New-Mexican languages hitherto known to us only by name. Among these is a vocabulary of the dialect of a small Apache band, the Jicorillas, in the northern extremity of New Mexico, and another of that of the Navahoes. I have also a few Apache words sent me from the Copper Mines by Mr. Bartlett, and the numerals from another of our associates, Dr. John L. Le Conte. A short time ago the descriptions given by travellers of the peculiarities of their speech and other circumstances, led me to look for their origin in the northern part of the continent; and the comparisons for which the materials above described furnished the means, have disclosed the highly interesting ethnological fact that the Apaches, so far, at least, as their speech is concerned, belong to that great family of aborigines to which Mr. Gallatin has given the name of *Athapascas*.

The immense extent of country over which the Athapascans roam, as ascertained chiefly by the researches of Mackenzie, is thus described by Mr. Gallatin, in his Synopsis, published in 1836:—"If from the mouth of the Churchill or Missinipi River, which empties into Hudson's Bay, in lat. 59°-60°, a line be drawn ascending that river to its source in lat. about 54°; thence along the ridge which separates the north branch of the river Saskatchewan from those of the Athapascas or Elk River, to the Rocky Mountains; and thence westwardly till within about one hundred miles of the Pacific Ocean, in lat. 52° 30'; all the inland tribes north of that line, and surrounded on all the other sides from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific by the narrow belt inhabited by the Eskimos and the other maritime tribes along the north-west coast, belong so far as they are known, with a single exception, to one family and speak kindred languages."

Mr. Horatio Hale, in his *Ethnography and Philology of the U. S. Exploring Expedition*, published in 1846, somewhat extended the area of this family, by showing that its language is spoken by two small bands, the *Kwalhioqua* and the *Tlatskanai*, neither of them comprising more than a hundred individuals, who roam in the mountains on each side of the Columbia river, near its mouth; and also by another small band, the *Umkwias*, numbering not over four hundred, who dwell along the upper part of

the river Umkwa, and extend south to about lat. 43°.

The discovery of the fact that the Apaches are related to the Athapascans is calculated to increase our interest in that widely extended family, and, indeed, may be regarded as opening a new chapter in American ethnology. The amazing extent of territory over which this people is scattered, measuring in one direction over forty degrees of latitude, the broad compact body which it presents in the northern part of the continent, and the interruptions of continuity which occur as we proceed south, are facts of a striking character, which must prove of great value in estimating the direction and extent of ancient migrations on this continent. We have no precise account of the Apache nation and its limits since the Spaniards became acquainted with it, such as their archives ought to supply; but we may infer, in opposition to the opinion of Pike, that the progress of this people has been towards the south, from the fact that in the old maps, although Apacheria, or the country of the Apaches, extends south of the Gila, it keeps to the north of El Paso, whereas their range now stretches far to the south of El Paso, through the province of Chihuahua and the Bolson de Mapimi, as far as Coahuila. The number of ruined settlements, both of agricultural Indians and Spaniards, which extend from the Gila southwards, testify to the devastations of the Apaches over regions once free from their desolating presence.

The character and habits of the different branches of this wide-spread family, as modified by the various circumstances under which they are placed, also present us with an instructive subject of study. The northern Athapascans are described by travellers as a sober, timorous people, living alternately on the abundant produce of their rivers and lakes, and on the chase of the deer. The rigor of their climate compels them to pay great attention to their clothing, which is well made of skins; but they are not as skilful hunters as their Algonkin neighbors, nor are they distinguished by the same stoical gravity of disposition. The southern Athapascans are also regarded by those who have had opportunities of observing them, as inferior to the tribes around them. They exhibit neither the steady industry of the Pueblo Indians, nor the manly valor of the Comanches. The Apaches proper are idle drunkards, living by plunder. The Navahoes, of whom less is known, exhibit considerable ingenuity in the manufacture of an excellent sort of blanket, which goes by their name, but they are also practised and skilful depredators. The few arts this people possess, their peculiar picturesque costume, which has been likened in general appearance to that of the ancient Greek warrior, and their traditions of Montezuma, have doubtless been derived from the more advanced Pueblo tribes and the Spaniards with whom they have come in contact.

Did the widely extended Athapascans actually spread from the north to the south, as we are inclined to suppose, or *vice versa*? what nations did their emigration, in whichever direction it proceeded, bring them into collision with? what is the cause of the present isolated condition of the two extremities of this family? and when did the separation between them take place? Detailed answers to these and the like ques-

tions we may hardly hope to obtain; but answers sufficiently explicit to afford high gratification to the searcher after truth may reasonably be anticipated when the rich mine of ethnological investigation presented to us in Oregon and California shall have been more thoroughly explored. We may expect soon to receive very valuable additions to our present stock of information from the researches of our esteemed associate, John R. Bartlett, Esq., chief of the Mexican Boundary Commission, whose enthusiasm in the cause of geographical and ethnological science is sure to leave no opportunity unimproved. His Reports, when made public, are sure to be highly interesting and creditable to himself, his country, and the administration which appointed him to a post which his abilities and acquirements so well enable him to fill with advantage.

THE
WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF
CAPTAIN PRIEST,
WHO SAILED FOR BOSTON THE 10TH JUNE, 183—.

A Tale with only One Incident, and no Plot
of any Consequence.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "BRAG" CITY, AND A QUEER CUPID.

THERE is a certain city in the Realm of Down-East known as the American Athens, but in reality a cis-atlantic Rome—albeit not an over safe place for a stranger to roam in—whence, as you may have heard, a member of the State Legislature—one of the archæval species—after a week's peregrination in the streets, returned to his astonished constituents and informed them how he had wandered up and down in this modern labyrinth until the bread and cheese provided by uxorial care was exhausted, and not having been able to discover the State House, came home again, determined in future to attend to the *res angustæ domi* and leave the affairs of the nation to abler geographers than himself, assuring them in the very spirit of the astute Mrs. Glass, that in order to obtain a seat in the said house, it was first indispensably necessary to catch it, evidently having an impression upon his mind that it was of a perambulating, evanescent, and transitory nature, very like to the glory to be acquired therein; where the streets go rambling up and down in a vague, irregular, unsatisfactory, and dissipated manner, wherever they list, as somebody has said of our volunteers; where opposite houses are upon such intimate terms that if they had any Jack Spratrical propensity to lean, they would be sure to salute *à la Grecque*, by touching noses; where a man is fined two dollars for smoking a cigar and one for using his handkerchief publicly, and in fine where a certain hallucination of the mind is prevalent among the inhabitants, causing them to regard their strangely jumbled up little town as the moral and intellectual centre of the universe.

This celebrated city, situated in lat. 42° 23', long. 5° 55', is bounded upon one side by Bunker Hill Monument, on the other by a delightful series of flats and marshes, and is generally known to the travelling world from an excellent inn and cheap coach-fares to be met with there.

Consult the maps and you will find the name recorded as "Boston." Ask the inhabitants, and they will inform you it is "Bosting;" and the latter term is probably correct, being derived from the well known

propensity for boasting, with which the citizens are afflicted.

To historians, however, it and the adjacent country are well known from the facts that the Revolutionary discord commenced at Concord. A considerable disturbance was bred upon Breed's hill, and the British army completely sewed up, were finally so hem'd in that it sadly puzzled Howe how to get away, for Washington would offer no battle gage to the General of that name, but engaged famine in his service to save his gunpowder. This has been called a Fabian policy, probably because the English were reduced to a diet of beans. The Bostonians having suffered from short commons then, have been noted for their long Commons ever since. To "Young America's" illuminati the city is endeared by the burning of one Abbey (a Catholic one), the shining light of another (Abby Kelley), and the railing and pulling-up-railing propensities of the Reverend Captain Theodore Parker, who to rescue a runaway scamp about to be sent back to justice and to his master,

"Marched at the head of half a dozen men
Down to the wharf and then marched back
again."

Squire Divine Underwood having discovered that his corn, phenix-like, arose strongly and lustily from a bed of ashes, had for many years caused cargoes of them to be procured from New York, but finding of late too liberal an admixture of the residue of anthracite coal among them, and knowing that the ashes of the grate however useful in causing monumental shafts to shoot upwards and pierce the heavens, were not exactly the thing for "Zea Maiz," chancing to hear that the antediluvian mode of employing to advantage the latent caloric existing in cordwood was yet in practice at Boston, girded up his loins, and taking his purse in his hand, set forth for the latter place. He purchased a quantity of the desired commodity to be delivered at a certain day to any vessel he might choose to dispatch. If no Bay Harbour craft should arrive at the proper time the ashes were to be forwarded to him at a certain price per bushel, which would amount in the aggregate to something over one hundred dollars.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ.

We left Job wending his way homeward immersed in sober thought, although far from sober himself, for in order to prove that he was man enough not only to make the Boston trip, but to drive a good bargain with Squire Divine—quite as serious a matter—he had got a little above proof.

The old sailor far from a drunkard, nevertheless held firmly to the maxim that every Jack should have his gill, and have it too at regular intervals.

A certain quantity manifestly improved his temper, but if too large or too frequent libations carried him over the line, they did not accord very harmoniously, but rendered him especially surly and so dogmatic that he was not only ready to bark, but also to bite. The last drink at the store, and an especially stiff horn that he tossed off to bind his bargain with Underwood, had completely tossed him, and although on the other side of the harbor from his house, he was certainly quite over the Bay.

At the precise moment that he left the Squire's house a gentleman known as yet to our readers only by name, was quitting his

own. The dying twilight and an occasional radiance glowing around the bowl of a short pipe, rendered half perceptible a red face, red nose, huge red lips turned almost wrong side out, and the usual number of twinkling reddish eyes; the charming tout ensemble being framed in with a coarse palm hat painted of a fiery brick color, and met at a particularly raw-beef looking pair of ears by bushy whiskers of a most undoubted carrotty hue, which completed the picture. The person of Mr. Thaddeus Mulligan—*fulgo Teddy*—was invested with no vest at all, but a velveteen roundabout that would not go half round and whose buttons entirely declined an introduction to the button-holes, a hickory shirt, and three-fourths of a pair of duck breeches greatly in need of ducking, and well fringed at the bottom, with the aforesaid hat and whiskers were his only covering.

Accoutred as he was, certainly no one would have taken him for a Cupid, and although between whiffs he sought by a musical stave to stave off melancholy and was evidently of a mercurial disposition, yet he but little resembled a messenger of the gods. And yet his business was of love.

Things had been progressing from bad to worse with poor Mary, and being convinced that they had come to a crisis, after shedding a few tears, she wiped her eyes, nerved herself for the struggle, sent Aunt Keziah off to spend the evening, and Teddy with a note to the widow Flint's, conveying to Master Harry the intelligence that the coast was clear, her father certainly out for the next three hours, and that she desired to see him upon pressing business.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VERY DEUCE TO PAY—JOB PROPOSES TO THE MAID, BUT SALUTES THE WIDOW.

Fate so willed it that just as the widow's door closed upon Teddy, the Captain hove in sight; and spying a friendly sail entering the enemy's harbor, being incited by curiosity and the hope of getting a peep through the windows, he tacked right about, which under the press of sail he was carrying was rather a dangerous experiment and he found it so. First he gave a tremendous lee lurch, then a violent pitch ahead as if he would go down bow foremost and all standing, then righting a little he shifted his helm and payed off; but the wind changed, he was fairly in irons and would have gone on his beam ends had not one of his grapples fastened to a wagon that was fastened to a horse, that stood fast, fastened to the fence. His other hand now was directed to the friendly wagon, but missing the hind-board, it went over and came in contact with something in a bag that felt very queerly and made a singular noise. Job was just tipsy enough to be very inquisitive, and so he went to work fumbling about the mouth of the bag, when suddenly a large white turkey flapped in his face and giving a farewell squeak, flew up the road. The sight and the fright almost sobered Job. He shook his fist at the departing bird, then shook his fist at the horse, and finally made a critical examination of the wagon, which proved to be the very one that had been in the shed at the store, and in which he had seen Harry riding that afternoon. Having apparently satisfied himself, he hesitated a moment as if about to enter the house, then turning again, set forth for home.

No other accidents occurring to our mariner, he was soon comfortably seated in his own cottage, and Mary had just taken his hat and brought his pipe, when the door opened, and there stood Master Harry Flint, quite as large as life, and about as much amazed at the Captain's presence as was the Captain at Harry's visit.

At length Job arose, and steadying himself by the back of his chair, demanded,

"Well, what the d—l do you want now?"

What *did* he want? That was exactly what Harry did not mean to own, but after beating out his brain for a feasible answer, he finally made the very worst one possible.

"Mother wants to get a pair of white turkeys, Captain, and I came up to see if I could buy them of you?" replied Harry.

"Bay 'em, you scamp! steal 'em you mean. No, sir, you shan't neither buy nor steal anybody's white turkeys. Blow me, if you shall have a white turkey anyway."

"But I will, though," retorted Harry, really angry. "We'll see if no man in Bay Harbor can have white fowls but yourself."

"If you do," shouted Job, "I'll be —"

What he would be, or what he would have been, is hidden among the undeveloped mysteries, along with the man with the iron mask, and sundry others, for Mary at this time clapped her hand over his mouth, and begged Harry "to go, for her sake."

Leaving the Captain to rage as he pleases, and Mary to pacify him if she can, let me furnish a key to a part of the former's conduct, so especially unbecoming in one of his name.

The sale of eggs and poultry from his own little farm had been no slight source of profit to Job; but although his neighbors were as honest as people in general often get to be, yet from time to time certain of his hens and chickens, turkeys and geese, with souls above barnyards, and inklings towards cosmopolitanism, would start off upon their travels, and occasionally assist in the foundation of some other colony, whereby a corresponding diminution of his gains occurred.

A bright idea visited him one day. He sold off his entire feathered stock, lock, stock, and barrel, and invested the money in others, of a purely white breed, easily to be recognised when they played truant. If by any accident a white bird broke any other man's egg shell in his vicinity, have it Job would, by fair means or foul. If he could not buy it, he killed it unintentionally, and then paid any moderate price demanded for the damage.

The discovery of the white turkey in the wagon, and the unfortunate offer of Harry to purchase a pair, had excited his anger to the utmost pitch, and he saw in both, not only an attempt to rob him, but a design to commit other peculations with impunity.

The first thing our unfortunate sailor did upon Harry's departure, was to sink back into his chair exhausted with passion, the next, to call for the bottle of rum and a glass, and having lighted his pipe, he sat in gloomy silence drinking as if he had a design to commit suicide, and puffing as though he would convert his cottage into a smoke-house.

The door opened, and Aunt Keziah entered.

"Why, la, Captain Priest," were the spinster's first words, "they do say you're a going to Boston. It can't be so, is it?"

"Yes," grunted the Captain.

"Why, father! really going to Boston?" inquired Mary.

"I—tell—you—yes!" thundered out Job, as if each word were a stake, and he was driving it in.

"Oh, dear Father, take me with you," said Mary; but in an instant the thoughts of Harry came into her mind, and she wound up with, "oh no, I don't want to go, I'm afraid."

Job's reply was characteristic.

"Shan't do it," said he, to the first part of his daughter's speech, and then immediately added, by way of reply to the next, "But I will, though. Don't catch me leaving you here for that scoundrel to run away with."

Aunt Keziah now thought it quite time to open her batteries, and accordingly commenced her fire with, "I've talked and talked to her, Captain Job, about that greasy sailor fellow, but it's no sort of use, she's agoing to demean herself; she wont mind you, and dont care for me."

"I do mind father," retorted Mary, "and I do care for you as much as you let me; you torment my life out, and expect me to love you for it."

"Torment you!" screamed Keziah, "how dare you say so. I'm as tender as a mother to you, and if I only had a mother's power, I'd make you ship that nasty scamp."

"How da-are you say so-o," sobbed poor Mary; "if you were half as good and as kind as he is, you would make me happy, and not miserable. Thank heaven, you have not a mother's power over me, and if you had I wouldn't mind you—no one could make me."

"No one make ye?" demanded Job, who thought it high time to put in his oar, and put down the mutiny. "No one make ye? I'd make you—if I choose to marry her what business is that of yours, eh?"

"No, no, no, father, anything but that," shrieked the excited girl; "you will not, you cannot, you dare not," and down came a plump little foot pat on the floor.

"Darsent!" roared the Captain; "but by the 'living jingo' I will, though, whether she'll have me or not. Now you see what you get by stumping me, dont ye?"

What Keziah would have said, whether she would have ceyed it, or fairly jumped at the offer that she had been fishing for ever since her half-sister's death; how Mary would have acted, and in what manner the devoted Job—the victim of never taking "stumps"—would have conducted himself towards his suddenly intended, is a matter that can never be revealed, for at that instant a terrific scream was heard near the door, and then a succession of them appeared to be going up the road with great velocity.

Within the house all was hushed for a moment, and Job demanded,

"What's that?"

"Our old white gobbler," replied Keziah, "I know it is, I saw him roosting on the plum tree as I came in."

"Then by the living jingo," exclaimed Job, "I'll have him, and the thief too;" and catching up a double-barreled gun that hung over the mantel-piece, he seized his hat, swallowed half a glass of "New England" neat, and dashed out of the door in hot pursuit of thief and turkey.

We say that a man when intoxicated is one beside himself, and with some show of truth; for, let him arrive at a certain latitude

upon the map of Bacchus, he will see for two, his tongue and words are doubled, and as for walking, he travels for half a dozen.

As Job ran up the road the screams of the turkey were heard at intervals, becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, until they faded away in the distance or from some reason ceased altogether, and sadly fuddled though our hero was, he had sense enough left to give up the chase, but gave it up only to beard the enemy in his den.

Returning home with steps doubly uncertain, from the combined effects of too little light and too much liquor, he took another stiff glass to sober him, and shouldering his gun again left without a word, with the intention of carrying the fortress of the Flints by assault.

The widow Flint had just dropped into a comfortable slumber, when an outrageous racket awoke her, and jumping up she opened the window and cried out, "Why, Harry, is that you, what makes you so late?"

An upturned head was just visible, emitting a terrible uproar, but giving no intelligible answer, and the widow demanded, "Who is that?"

"I want my *t-iccup-urkey*," said the voice.

"I havn't got your *tipukurkey*," replied the widow. "I never had one in all my life."

"I want my *tur-iccup-urkey*, Harry *st-iccup-ole*," came from below.

"Well," retorted the widow, "what if Harry did stick a pole, I've got a right to raise beans I guess."

"By the *l-iccup-o*," returned the voice, "I will have *turk-iccup*."

"No you wont have to kick up, you've kicked up enough, go away drunken man, or Harry will come, and then he'll whale you," replied the widow, half angry, and entirely frightened.

"I say he *st-iccup*—" BANG, BANG! at this juncture went Job's companion, the double-barrel, which probably deeming it had kept silence long enough now improved the opportunity to put in a few words in season, and in so doing imitated its owner's compound form of speech.

A gun has two ends, and one of them caused Job's to come in violent and unceremonious contact with a large bed of "ragged sailors"—the widow's pet flowers.

Having fired off my evening gun, planted my hero, and put him safely to bed, I will also bring my chapter to an end.

VARIETIES.

SHERIDANIANA.—Many such anecdotes occur of Sheridan as this which drops from Lord Holland, in an allusion to the Addington peace. The feeling displayed to Sheridan throughout is not a kind one:

It was, in truth, made by the pressure of the finances, and by nothing else. "It is a peace," said Mr. Francis, "of which everybody is glad, and nobody proud." Mr. Sheridan, to whom I repeated these words, two hours after they were spoken, and who affected not to hear them, in the course of less than two hours, delivered them as his own in the House of Commons, on a conversation for fixing the day for taking it into consideration.

Lord Holland having resolved to move an inquiry about a sum of £40,000 granted to the Duke of York in connexion with the Expedition to the Low Countries, he thus describes what occurred:

I had hardly given notice, when Mr. Sheridan gave notice of a similar motion in the Commons, and fixed a day preceeding that which I had named. He came over to Holland House, and procured from me all the materials which I had collected, and which he used without scruple. He even repeated, word for word, and like a lesson, a long paper which had been confidentially communicated to me, and which I, won by his protestations of not divulging it, had imprudently intrusted. Such petty tricks, as traits of a singular character, may be worth preserving; but it is right to add, that the fascination of his conversation, and the mixture of archness and good-humor with which he defended himself when detected or attacked for such artifices, made all who knew him, and many whom he injured in more important matters than such trifles as these, in some measure his accomplices, by forging, winking at, and encouraging his great and his little delinquencies.

And again,—on the Union debate in 1800:

Mr. Sheridan attended on the Union, and spoke against it with his usual wit, eloquence, and effect. He was vain enough, however, to boast of his imaginary descent from Irish kings and even to allege that circumstance as a personal motive with him for opposing the surrender of the independence of Ireland. He was, he said, a "true old *Milesian*," which Mr. Hare explained to be a member of "Mile's," the gaming club in St. James street.

There are some clever notices of Horne Tooke:

He told me that "he had a very different view of the House, now he had been in it, from that which he had taken from without. I thought, indeed," said he, "and I think so still, that those who govern this country are rogues; but I had no notion that the business was done so ably, or that the members of the Commons House of Parliament were so superior in talent as I have found them." He would himself have shone in that character more had he been chosen earlier.—*Review of Lord Holland's Memoirs of the Whig Party in the London Examiner.*

THE PITT AND TIERNEY DUEL.—It was fought on a Sunday, a circumstance which gave a handle to much vulgar abuse against Mr. Pitt. He did, indeed, urge the necessity of fighting immediately if at all, because it was not proper for one in his situation to maintain any protracted correspondence on such a subject. Never did two men meet more ignorant of the use of their weapons. Mr. Pitt, on being cautioned by his second to take care of his pistols, as they were "hair triggers," is said to have held them up, and remarked that "he saw no hair." They fought near a gibbet on which the body of the malefactor Abershaw was yet suspended; and I have been assured by a person (Lord Grey) whom anxiety about the event, of which he had been apprised, had drawn to the place, that in a gravel pit within a few yards of the ground, an assignation of a very different sort between a lover and a compliant mistress completed this group of human life. Mr. Tierney's second, General Walpole, leaped over the furze bushes for joy when Mr. Pitt fired in the air.

Some time, however, elapsed, and some discussion between the seconds took place, before the affair was finally and amicably adjusted. Mr. Pitt very consistently insisted on one condition, which was in itself reasonable, that he was not to quit the ground without the whole matter being completely terminated. On Mr. Tierney's return home, he related the event to his wife. The lady, who was much attached to her husband, although she saw him safe before her, fainted away at the relation; a strange but not uncommon effect produced by the discovery of events which, known at the time, would have excited strong emotion. The

danger to Mr. Tierney had indeed been great. Had Mr. Pitt fallen, the fury of the times would probably have condemned him to exile or death, without reference to the provocation which he had received, and to the sanction which custom had given to the redress he sought."—*Ibid.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAS.

Library of Rochester Theological Seminary.

VERY important accessions have recently been made to the Library of this Institution, of which no official notice has been given to its friends and patrons. Many valuable works were purchased for it at the sale of Dr. Jarvis' library, among which we have space to notice only the following, viz:—

"The Complutensian Polyglott," in six folio volumes; a perfect copy, in fine condition, of the oldest Polyglott Bible, (printed in 1514-'17) and the first printed edition of the Greek New Testament. Copies of it are now extremely rare, and an opportunity to purchase one very seldom occurs.

"The Antwerp Polyglott Bible," in eight folio volumes; a perfect and very beautiful copy of this rare and valuable work. The two, with Bishop Walton's Polyglott Bible already on hand, make a very complete collection in this branch of sacred literature.

"Kennicott's Critical Edition of the Hebrew Bible," in two folio volumes.

"De Rossi's Various Readings of the Hebrew Bible, with supplement, in three volumes quarto.

"The Septuagint Greek Version of the Old Testament," Morini's edition, one volume folio. —A beautiful copy of this valuable work.

"Bos' Edition of the Septuagint and of fragments of other Greek versions of the Old Testament," one volume quarto.

"Kuster's Edition of Mill's Greek Testament," second edition, one volume folio.

"Waide's Fac Simile of the Alexandrine Manuscript of the New Testament, one volume imperial folio. A perfect and beautiful fac simile of one of the two oldest existing manuscripts of the New Testament. The manuscript was presented, in 1628, to King Charles I, of England, by the Patriarch of Constantinople, and is now preserved in the British Museum.

"Barrett's Fac Simile of a Manuscript of the Gospel of Matthew in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, one volume quarto.

"Fragment of the Gospel of John, Græeco-Coptic-Thebaic, of the fourth century, one volume quarto.

"Blanchini's Edition of the Itala, or oldest Latin versions of the New Testament," two volumes folio.

"Jerome's Works, with the Notes of Erasmus, Bavius, &c.," four volumes folio; a fine copy in vellum.

"Colinaeus' Edition of the New Testament," Paris, 1534; the third printed edition of the New Testament in the original Greek.

"Elzevir's Edition of the New Testament," two volumes, 12 mo., Leyden, 1633; a beautiful copy of this best exemplar of the received Greek text.

"Craumer's Bible, Black Letter," folio, 1540; the second translation of the whole Bible from the Originals into English, made in the reign of Henry VIII under the direction of Archbishop Craumer.

"The Anglo-Genevan Bible," the old English version made at Geneva, 1560, by Protestant scholars driven from England under the reign of the "Bloody Mary," and secretly imported into England.

"The Bishop's Bible," Black Letter, imperial folio; the celebrated old English version, made in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and the basis of the common received version.

The last importation for the library from Germany, received early in December, consists chiefly of standard works in sacred literature, translations of the Holy Scriptures, and Biblical Exegesis. By the same arrival, the University of Rochester received the first three volumes of Plates of the magnificent work of Prof. Lepsius, on "The Monuments of Egypt and the Nile," now in course of publication, under the patronage of the Government of Prussia.

The recent purchase of the valuable private library of the late Dr. Neander, will form an epoch in the history of this institution, and is one of the most striking of the many signal providences which have marked its establishment and progress. The library contains 4,600 volumes and numbers, consisting mainly of the original sources and materials for study and thought, such as a scholar like Neander would select for his own daily use in the profound and varied researches in which his life was spent. It is especially rich in the treasures of Patristic literature, containing all the Church Fathers, in the best editions, and writings of the later schoolmen. The collection is also large of the older standard historians of the Church, and is very complete, especially in works treating of the History of the Reformation. The writings of the Reformers are found here, in the rarest and best editions. It embraces also the most important theological works of later times. Most of the volumes contain manuscript notes by Neander; and many of them, particularly the older Church Fathers and Historians, are enriched with copious annotations in his hand-writing.

The privilege will be invaluable to the student of Church History, of referring to the sources from which the great Historian of the Church has drawn his materials, in the very editions and copies used by himself. One of the most complete and useful guides in this study (Giesler's Church History) is of comparatively little value without an ample library of reference; and nowhere can greater facilities be found for such reference, than in the historical treasures of every age of the Church accumulated by Neander.

The library was purchased of one of the executors of Neander's estate, Dr. Twisten of the University of Berlin, for \$2,300. It is expected in this country before the close of the ensuing spring. Z. FREEMAN, Cor. Sec.

N. Y. Baptist Union for Ministerial Education,
Rochester, March, 5, 1852.

LEAVITT & ALLEN, 27 Dey street, have in press an Elementary German Grammar, by Prof. W. H. Woodbury, author of "New Method with the German," also a new Grammar for Germans to learn English. They will also soon publish a German Reader to accompany the above.

The Southern Magazine, a new monthly Literary journal, published at Mobile, has reached its fourth number. W. G. C. Clark is the editor, and marks of his pen have been occasionally made in the Literary World. The advancement of Southern Literature and Art is Mr. Clark's care and desire, and this will be much promoted by the production in his journal of original contributions from many gifted writers.

The subscription lists to the London Art-Union just closed here, must amount in the aggregate to quite a handsome contribution for British art. Messrs. JAMES MUNROE & Co., of Boston, alone, we learn sent out 425 names for this year. At £1 1s. this gives \$2125 in one lump.

Hints to Christians in their Efforts to Convert Men to God, by the Rev. Dr. Skinner, is just published by A. D. F. RANDOLPH, 669 Broadway.

A. HOLDREGE, 140 Fulton street, has nearly ready for publication "California Illustrated,"

including a description of the Panama and Nicaragua Routes, by a returned Californian, to form an 8vo. of about 300 pages with 50 fine tinted lithographs, the sketches for which were all drawn on the spot, and, says the author, "for artistic skill and truthfulness to nature, they will certainly be found unsurpassed."

FOREIGN.

Tennyson is said to be busy with a new poem, of a totally different order from any he has yet published, unless the fragment of the *Morte d'Arthur* be counted.

The author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," has nearly completed a new novel of a philosophical and satirical turn.

Thackeray, whose historical novel was to have been published last Christmas, has not finished much more than half of his work.

For a long while the *Memoirs* of George Sand have been eagerly expected, but no sign is yet given of their appearance. These *Memoirs*, says the *Leader*, will contain no confessions. The idea of writing *Memoires* at all was suggested by her discovering, among some old family papers, a vast number of her father's letters addressed to her mother during the campaigns of Napoleon, to one of whose brothers her father was aid-de-camp. These will be given in *extenso*, and are said to paint a vivid picture of the times. George Sand will also describe her childhood, spent mainly under the eye of a grandmother, who tried to remedy the misfortune of her having come into the world a girl, when a boy was wanted, by "making a man of her;" she will tell us of her studies, and her dreams,—in short, she will trace for us some outline of the history of her mind. As to the rest, she may say with Mdlle. Delaunay, *je me peins en buste*.

The second volume of Vizetelly's series of Readable Books is to be Houssaye's *Philosophers and Actresses*.

Under the Protection of Lord Campbell's judgment respecting American copyright in England, Dr. Barnes's Commentaries on the Book of Revelation—the completion of his New Testament series—has been purchased by a London publisher. Mr. Bentley has published by copyright arrangement and purchase the American translation of Houssaye's *Men and Women of the Nineteenth Century*. And Mr. David Bogue having purchased the copyright, will publish, before it appears here, Dr. Gardiner Spring's new work, "The Glory of Christ, and the Last Things of his Mediatorial Government."

The Theatre Royal, Glasgow, was occupied by an American Equestrian Troupe, to the indignation of the legitimists.

The Scottish Athenaeum pronounces this year's exhibition of Paintings of the Royal Scottish Academy at Edinburgh "one of the finest we have seen in works produced by native living artists." J. Noel Paton, whose Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania, and others, are familiar to Americans, contributes "Dante Meditating the Episode of Francesca da Rimini," which the same journal calls a perfection of attainment in color and classic severity.

M. Philarete-Chasles, Professor in the College of France, and one of the literary collaborators of the *Journal des Debats*, is about to leave France for the United States. It is said that he will probably establish himself in Boston as a Professor of the French language and of *Belles-lettres*. M. Chasles has for a long time enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best literary critics in France. He has made himself particularly familiar with English and American literature. He has published works "on the English Revolution of the 17th century;" on the "Literature and Manners of England in the 19th century;" on the "Literature and Manners of the Anglo-Americans in

the 19th century;" on the "Middle Age, and the early periods of Christianity;" on the "16th Century in France;" on the "Influences of Spanish Literature in France and Italy;" and many other subjects; all of which works have enjoyed more or less celebrity, not only in France, but throughout Europe.—*Paris Correspondent of the National Intelligencer*.

The sale of the library of Louis Philippe is progressing slowly. The catalogue contains 3042 works and probably 4000 volumes. These are principally church histories, black letter manuscripts, old and rare poems, and for the most part are recommended for their antiquity and rarity. It is understood that there is to be a second sale, which will comprehend a large quantity of more modern works, the histories, poems, romances, travels, &c., of our day and generation. Extravagant prices have thus far been paid. Single volumes, containing neither autograph nor stamp, and without any remarkable peculiarity in binding or print, invariably bring from 40 to 60 francs. One volume of Audubon—the remainder of the set having been destroyed in the sack of the Chateau de Neuilly—is expected to bring \$2000. The greater part of the books for sale contain the arms or the initials of their proprietor. Many are stamped with the arms of the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of Louis Philippe; others with the crown of the King. They all bear upon the back the name of the particular library to which they belonged.—*Paris Correspondent Commercial Advertiser*, March 18.

The celebrated publisher, Didot, sent a copy of a work by himself, entitled *Essai sur la Typographie* to a lady by the name of Estienne, living with her sister at Valenciennes. These two persons are the last descendants of the brothers Estienne, printers to Francis I., the restorer of letters. They enjoyed the protection and favor of the King during his life, and from them descend, in line direct, these, their last representatives. The name, which has lived from the year 1270, and has passed through seventeen distinctly traceable generations, becomes extinct with them. They are the daughters of Col. Estienne, who died some 20 years ago, without fortune. One of them is married; it is to the maiden that the author has presented his essay, as an "humble testimonial of homage to the last descendant of the most illustrious of French printers."—*Ibid*.

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